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ADVERTISING.

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BEAUTY.

I saw a dew drop, cool and clear,
Dance on a myrtle spray;
Fair colors decked the lucid tear,
Like those that gleam and disappear,
When showers and sunbeams play
But cast athwart a glance severe,
And scorched the pearl away

High, on a slender, polished stem,
A fragrant lily grew,
On its pure petals many a gem
Glittered, a native diadem
Of healthy morning dew
A blast of lingering winter came,
And snapt the stem in two

Fairer than Morning's early tear,
Or Lily's snowy bloom,
Shines Beauty in its vernal year,
Bright, sparkling, fascinating, clear,
Gay, thoughtless of its doom;
Death breathes a sudden poison near,
And sweeps it to the tomb.

THE EVERY-DAY MARRIED LADY.

It might be supposed that the every-day married lady was formerly the every-day young lady, and has now merely changed her condition. But this is not the case, for nothing is more common than to see the most holiday spinsters settle down into the most working-day matrons. The married lady, in fact, of the species we would describe, has no descent in particular. If you can imagine a pupa coming into the world of itself without any connection with the larva, or an image unconscious of the pupa, that is the every-day married lady. She is born at the altar, conjured into life by the ceremonial, and having utterly lost her individual existence, becomes from that moment a noun of multitude. People may say, "Oh, this is our old acquaintance, Miss Smith;" but that is only calling names, for the identity is gone. If she is anything at all but what appertains to the present, she is the late Miss Smith, who has survived herself, and changed into a family.

We would insist upon this peculiarity of the every-day married lady—that her existence is collective. Her very language is in the plural number—such as we, ours, and us. She respects the rights of paternity so much, as never to permit herself to talk of her children as peculiarly her own. Her individuality being merged in her husband and their actual or possible offspring, she has no private thoughts, no wishes, no hopes, no fears but for the concern.—And this is all the better for her tranquilly: for although a part of her husband, she does not quite fancy that he is a part of her. She leaves at least the business to his management, and if she does advise some, and suggest on occasions, she thinks that somehow things will come out very well. She feels that she is only a passenger; and although, as such, she may recommend the skipper to shorten sail when weathering a critical point, or, for the sake of safety, to come to anchor in the middle of the sea, she has still a certain faith in his skill or luck, and sleeps quietly in the storm. For this reason the every-day married lady is comfortable in the figure, and has usually good round features of her own. The Miss Smith she has survived had a slender waist and small delicate hand; but this lady is a very tolerable armful, and the wedding-ring makes such a hollow on her finger, that one might think it would be difficult to get off.

The every-day married lady is commonly reported to be selfish: but this is a mistake. At least her selfishness embraces the whole family circle; it has no personality. When the wife of a poor man, she will sit up half the night sewing and darning, but not a stich for herself; that can be done at any time; but the boys must go comfortably to the school, and the girls look genteel on the street, and the husband—to think of Mr. Brown wanting a button on his shirt! She looks selfish because her eye is always on her own, and because she talks of what she is always thinking about; but how can one be selfish who is perpetually postponing herself, who dresses the plainest, eats the coarsest, and sleeps the least of the family? She never puts herself forward in company unless her young ladies want backing; but yet she never feels herself overlooked, for every word, every glance bestowed upon them, is communicated electrically to her. She is, indeed, in such perfect *rapport* with the concern, that it is no uncommon thing for her to go home chuckling with amusement, overpowered with delight from a party at which she had not once opened her lips. This is the party which she pronounces to have "gone off well." Half-observant people fancy that the calculation is made on the score of the jellies and ice, and singing and dancing, and so on, and influenced by a secret comparison with her own achievments; but she has more depth than they imagine, and finer sympathies—they don't understand her.

Not that the every-day married lady is unsocial—not at all: all comfortable people are social; but she is partial to her own class, and does not care to carry her confidence out of it. She has several intimate friends whom she is fond of meeting: but besides that she is a sort of freemason in her way, and finds out every-day people by the word and sign. Rank has very little to do with this society, as you will find if you observed her sitting at a cottage door, where, in purchasing a draught of milk, she has recognized a sister. If these two every-day married woman had been rocked in the same cradle, they could not talk more intimately; and, indeed, they have heavy matters to talk about, for of all the babies that ever came into this breathing world, theirs were the most extraordinary babies.—The miracle is, that any of them are extant after such outrageous measles, and scarlet fevers, and chicken-poxes—prophesied of, so to speak, even before their birth, by memorabilia that might have alarmed Dr. Simson. The interlocutors part very well pleased with each other; the cottager proud to find that she has so much in common with a real lady, and the lady pronouncing the reflection of herself she had met with to be a most sensible individual.

* * * The every-day married lady is the inventor of a thing which few foreign nations have as yet adopted, either in their houses or languages. This thing is Comfort. The word cannot well be defined, the items that enter into its composition being so numerous, that a description would read like a catalogue. We all understand however, what it means, although few of us are sensible of the source of enjoyment. A widower has very little comfort, and a bachelor none at all; while a married man—provided his wife be an every-day married lady—enjoys it in perfection. But he enjoys it unconsciously, and therefore ungratefully; it is a thing of course—a necessary, a right, of the want of which he complains without being distinctly sensible of its presence. Even when it acquires sufficient intensity to arrest his attention, when his features and his heart soften, and he looks round with a half smile on his face, and says, "This is comfort!" it never occurs to him to inquire where it all comes from. His every-day wife is sitting quietly in the corner: it was not she who lighted the fire, or dressed the dinner, or drew the curtains, and it never occurs to him to think that all of these, and a hundred other circumstances of the moment, owe their virtue to her spiriting, and that the comfort which enriches the atmosphere, which sparkles in the embers, which broods in the shadowy parts of the room, which glows in his own full heart, emanates from her, and encircles her like an aureola. We have suggested, on a former occasion, that our conventional notions of the sex, in its gentle, modest, and retiring characteristics, are derived from the every-day young lady; and in like manner we venture to opine that the every-day married lady is *the* English wife of foreigners and moralists. Thus she is a national character, and a personage of history; and yet there she sits all the while in that corner, knitting something or other, and thinking to herself that she had surely smelt a puff of tar as she was passing the pantry.

The curious thing is, that the dispenser of comfort can do with a very small share of it herself. When her husband does not dine at home, it is surprising what odds and ends are sufficient to make up the dinner. Perhaps the best part of it is a large slice of bread-and-butter; for it is wasting the servants' time to make them cook when there is *nobody* to be at the table. But she makes up for this at tea; that *is* a comfortable meal for the every-day married lady. The husband, a matter-of-fact, impassive fellow, swallows down his two or three cups in utter unconsciousness of the poetry of the occasion; while the wife pauses on every sip, drinks in the aroma as well as the infusion, fills slowly and lingeringly out, and creams and sugars as if her hands dallied over a labor of love. With her daughters, in the mean time, grown up, or even half-grown up, she exchanges words and looks of motherly and masonic intelligence: she is moulding them to comfort, initiating them in every-dayism; and as their heads bend toward each other, you see at a glance that the girls will do honor to their breeding.—The husband calls this "dawdling," and already begins to fret. Let him: he knows nothing about it.

It is surprising the affection of the daughters for their every-day mother. Not that the sentiment is steady and uniform in its expression, for sometimes one might suppose mamma to be forgotten, or at least considered only a daily necessary not requiring any special notice. But wait till a grief comes, and mark to what bosom the panting girl flies for refuge and comfort; see with what abandon she flings her arms round that paternal neck, and with what a passionate burst the hitherto repressed tears gush forth. This is something more than filial trust. There are more senses than five in human nature—or seven either—there is a fine and subtle link between these two beings—a common atmosphere of thought and feeling, impalpable and imperceptible, yet necessary to the souls of both. If you doubt it—if you doubt that there is a moral attraction in the every-day married lady, irrespective of blood affinity, carry your view forward to another generation, and interrogate those witnesses who are never mistaken in character, and who never give false testimony—little children. They dote on their every-day grandmamma. Their natures, not yet seared and hardened by the world, understand hers; and with something of the fresh perfume of Eden about them still, they recognize instinctively those blessed souls to whom God has given to love little children.

This is farther shown when the every-day married lady dies. What is there in the character we have drawn to account for the shock the whole family receives? The husband feels as if a thunder-cloud had fallen, and gathered, and blackened upon his heart, thro' which he could never again see the sun. The grown-up children, especially the females, are distracted; "their purposes are broken off;" they desire to have nothing more to do with the world: they lament as those who will not be comforted. Even common acquaintances look round them, when they enter the house, with uneasiness and anxiety—

"We miss her when the morning calls,
As one that mingled in our mirth
We miss her when the evening falls—
A trifle wanted on the earth"

"Some fancy small, or subtle thought,
Is checked ere to its blossom grown
Some chain is broken that we wrought,
Now—she hath flown"

And so she passes away—this every-day married lady—leaving memorials of her common-place existence everywhere throughout the circle in which she lived, moved, and had her being, and after having stamped herself permanently upon the constitution, both moral and physical, of her descendents.

AN INCIDENT IN ROME.

An occurrence of a few days ago has so amused our little English circle in Rome, and is altogether so absurd that I am induced to mention it. An English gentleman, just arrived and now living with his wife at one of our best hotels, after a good dinner sallied out to smoke a cigar and survey the 'City of the Soul.' A bright moon suggested the Coliseum, and thither he bent his lonely steps, skirting the Palestine, the Palace of the Cæsars, and the Augustan Halls and musing in silent sadness on all around, holding sweet converse with his own soul and Byron, as served up by Murray. It is difficult to say to what conclusions he might not have come on finding himself for the first time in such a place as the Coliseum at such an hour, had not his grand and gloomy reveries been interupted by the sound of footsteps hastily approaching him from behind. He turned round and beheld the figure of a man, attired in the garb of a priest who had issued from one of the "rents of ruin," and who passed him so closely as to rub against his shoulder in so doing.

The figure in black had almost disappeared beyond the Arch of Constantine, when honest John Bull bethought him of his watch, and feeling for it found not what he sought. A moment's reflection determined him to follow the willy priest, until he came up with him in an open space where lurkers might not not be hid; so pouncing upon his man, he demanded the restitution of his property. The priest understood no English and our friend no Italian; but as a substitute for the language, our countryman showed his fists, and pointing to the watch pocket of the other, made himself so well understood that the terrified and trembling ecclesiastic at once surrendered the watch, which satisfied his antagonist who returned home. On recounting the affair to his lady, however, he was not a little astonished when she pointed to his own watch lying on his own dressing table, which he had left behind on going out. He drew forth the other from his pocket, and a glance showed him that, without intending it, he had been guilty of highway robbery. On going to police the next day to explain the business, he found that the priest, well known in Rome as a venerable and holy man, had already been there, and deposed that on taking his usual "constitutional" after the heat of the day, he had been accosted by a "Garribaldisto Inglese," and by threats and menaces been obliged to give up his watch.

LORD MORPETH.

Lord Morpeth, in one of his addresses to the electors of the West Riding of Yorkshire, England, uttered the following beautiful passage:

"Reference has been frequently made to the reigns of our former female sovereigns, and indeed every Englishman must fondly look back to the wisdom of Elizabeth and the victories of Anne. But, in shaping the desired career of their fair and young successor, we do not wish that her name should rise above the wrecks of the Armada; we do not seek to emblazon her throne with the trophies of such fields at Blenheim, or the yet more trancendent Waterloo. Let her have glories, but such as are not drained from the treasury or dimmed with the blood of her people. Let hers be the glories of peace, of industry, of commerce, and of genius; of justice made more accessible; of education made more universal; of virtue more honored; of religion more beloved; of holding forth the earliest gospel light to the unawakened nations: the glories that arise from gratitude for benefits conferred; and the blessings of a loyal and chivalrous, because a contented people."

WILLIAM & ELLEN CRAFTS.

The following is the account of the manner of the escape of these persons from bondage a year or two since.—Knights and Hewes, two slave catchers it will be remembered, were in Boston, a few weeks since, in pursuit of them. The report is that the object of their search are now safe in England. The account was first published in a Boston paper some sixteen months ago.

In a city about nine hundred miles south of Mason and Dixon's line, Ellen Crafts was held as a slave. Because we find her in this degrading condition, let it not be understood that she was a negro. Ellen, though a slave, is white, or rather to be strictly correct, a brunnette. She is now about nineteen or twenty years of age, and will readily pass in any circle as a dark colored white girl. Girls as dark as Ellen are as often met with as those of fairer skins. We are not describing the chief attraction of a ball room, but something more, when we say that firmness, intelligence; and perseverance are distinctly and impressively marked upon her countenance. Her hair is long straight and dark-colored, nose prominent, eyes dark, large and expressive. We are thus particular, to show her connection with the Anglo-Saxon, and to show how little there is, of any feature by which the enslaved race is readily recognized.

In the city from which Ellen had fled she acted as body servant or slave to another young woman, possibly her sister—for our knowledge of the "patriarchal institution" leads readily and naturally to that inference.

While in this situation she married. It is for the profit of the master that early marriages should be a law of custom. The union contracted by Ellen proved to be a happy one. The husband William—slaves have no right to any other names—has proved himself to be every way worthy of her. By his industry, and by turning night into day, he contrived to procure enough money to purchase a portion of his time from the man who claimed to own him. It cost William all he had, but it procured him privileges which enabled him by assiduous application, to lay by another store,—a larger portion of which, the lion's share, went to swell the master's ill-gotten gains,—for new and dear-bought privileges.

By dint of saving and starving, William contrived to accumulate for himself and wife enough to purchase for each, many little comforts and privileges.—They were thus enabled to ameliorate their condition, and were for a time happy. Though not permitted to see each other oftener than once a week, they had many secret meetings.

These stolen interviews were sweet and precious. Were they not, ye, who love the wife of your affections?—Thoughts of their condition, their hard lot, mingled with unavailing regrets, without doubt, were the principal ones exchanged between them. But this condition they were constrained to endure, almost joyfully, in view of the greater deprivation and sufferings of their fellow slaves.

Privileges like these, however, were destined to bear their rich harvest.—Thoughts of liberty are never long absent from a slave or prisoner. This was the great subject between Ellen and William. In the long, lone hours of the night, that were but ushering in to them, another day of bondage, the spirit of liberty visited them.

* * * * *

It is quite certain that they could escape from the city in which they were. But whither could they flee?—Without a place, without means of support, hunted by every slave-catcher: "like the partridge upon the mountain" surrounded by the enemies, their capture was certain; and stripes, separation, accumulated woes, would be their lot.

These considerations filled their hearts with sadness. But liberty ever bright and fair, bid them to hope on. For many weeks they thought over every plan of escape, which promised success, but they could find none.

They had heard vaguely of the abolitionists of the North; but they had been represented to them as monsters more dreadful than the slave-driver himself, and their hopes led them not that way. Still they would inquire concerning them, and one day, sufficient was learned to determine their course. They would flee to the abolitionists.

Their star in the east had arisen, but how could they follow its glorious path? The nearest city to them was Philadelphia, a distance of 1000 miles, a weary way for fugitives from slavery. But the determination once formed, every obstacle was to be overcome. Accordingly their sleeping and waking thoughts were given to find out the way to the spot where liberty dwelt.

The first obstacle to be overcome was to secure the necessary funds for the proposed flight. By double toil, by a more than miserable saving, a sufficient sum was acquired. They were, for slaves, really rich, and now freedom or death, rather than slavery, was their joint language.

The plan adopted, displays a degree of ingenuity which could not have been acquired under the ordinary circumstances of life. Solitary confinement, or a life of perpetual bondage, are the only incentives which bring out all the latent ingenuity of the man. The thoughts of the captive are upon one point. The whole energy and strength of his mind are directed to one end. Let such an one see but the slightest possibility of success, though it be but the faintest glimmer, and that faith, which overcomes mountains, lifts the man into the paradise he would gain. That faith secures the boon.

It was decided that Ellen should personate an invalid young man, and that William should represent the servant. The plan proposed involved a large expenditure, since young men who travel with their servants are supposed to be rich. But it secured this great, this abounding advantage. By this disguise they could take the public higway and the most rapid conveyances. Besides the very boldness, the originality of the plan was designed to be their greatest safeguard, for who would look for a fugitive from slavery, under the hat of a *pale faced sickly youth*, pursuing his way north in quest of health, attended by a serving man?

So far for the plan. Its execution was now the great point. Could a disguise impenetrable to the slave catchers whose scent is like the bloodhound's and *with* the bloodhound, be procured? Over this vital question, Ellen and her husband pondered day and night with palpitating hearts. But that genius which gave the bold scheme birth was yet fertile in resources. The first idea was a prestige of its full accomplishment.

There was no point, however minute in the habliments of a young man, that was not studied with as much care as ever Newton or Herschel studied the heavens. This was necessary, for a young woman who first attempts the apparel of a boy, is sure to be discovered at the first glance, by an accurate observer. Hence Ellen practiced nightly in her new garb until she had become thoroughly trained.

But to the dress itself. A slave cannot purchase a suit unquestioned, as another person may. Therefore extreme caution became necessary, else the cherished scheme of months would have been discovered and overthrown. Then they must die, for "if hope be dead, why seek to live?"

William was the purchaser. At various places and different times, under numerous pretexts he bought the required articles. The hat was a very high bell crowned, or, as he stated, a "double story hat." Next he bought a sack, which, on being put on, proved a "world too large;" but Ellen thought that was no objection, as "sacks never fitted!" The vest proved to be a very long one, reaching below the hips, but fashionably cut; and as it was "all the go," was adopted without demur, especially as the sack could be buttoned over and hide the disproportion of its size. Then the pantaloons were of most liberal dimensions, and boots, more easily obtained, completed this part of her wardrobe. A pair of green glasses were procured for the purpose of making Ellen look older, for when fitted out in her new dress, she looked exceedingly young, besides her features might be recognized by any person whom they might meet, that knew them, while on their journey.

These preparations having been made a day was appointed for their flight.—That day so fraught with all their wildest hopes, arrived. Nothing had been omitted. Two trunks were obtained, sufficiently ponderous for the baggage of a young man on his travels. Nothing had been forgotten. As it became necessary to register names at hotels, and sign a certificate for the slave, "the servant who accompanied young master?" a bandage and a sling for Ellen's right arm was thought of, and why?—She could not read or write. As impertinent travelers might scan the young man's face too closely, a convenient swelling which required poulticing, enveloped her cheeks. As voluble and inquisitive persons might be too particular in their inquiries, sickness, fatigue of traveling, and the swelling would be a sufficient excuse against rudeness for not answering.

Thus equipped, William, having nerved his courage up went loudly to the ticket office and purchased a "through ticket" for "master and myself, to Philadelfy." No questions were asked and the tickets were obtained.

Next morning the fearful and dangerous passage was commenced. At the depot, Ellen was not recognized.—So complete was her disguise a porter there, one of her early suitors, addressed her as "young master." She kindly bestowed upon him a small trifle to encourage him in politeness.

Along the road, at the various stopping places, the "sickly youth" received the blessings of many for his liberality in rewarding any slight service.—

The custom was to put up at the first hotels, for they determined to travel as "big bugs."

They passed through many perils and hair-breadth escapes; never once did Ellen's courage fail, or her inimitable and unapproachable endurance and perseverance give way during all their journey through the slave states. After the cars left Baltimore for Philadelphia, William, wearied with anxiety and watching, laid himself down to sleep in the "Jim Crow Car," where he invariably rode, for a slave could not presume to ride with his master. It was his invariable practice to run nervously back at every stopping place, to see that "young master was safe." For this affectionate attention, he received the approbation of many passengers, and was rewarded with several presents. And from Washington to Baltimore, his devotedness to his master's health was pointed out to several Northern gentlemen as an evidence of the close bonds of affection existing between master and slave.

We left William sleeping in the "Jim Crow car," where he invariably rode. At Havre de Grace, where the ferry is crossed, William remained sleeping—Ellen was called upon with other passengers to change cars. But where was her husband? Here courage began to fail and despair to seize upon her. She dreaded the worst, a woful disappointment, so near the goal of their desires. She could not be comforted until the baggage master relieved her, by rudely waking the "black rascal" who so neglected his master. We will not attempt to describe Ellen's feelings when she was relieved from her fears.

They arrived in Philadelphia on Sabbath morning, God's day of rest—a day of rest to them, from all their sufferings. What an appropriate ending for such a journey. It was commenced on Wednesday, and they consequently traveled *one thousand miles in four days and a half*, through the enemy's country. An escape as difficult—and to them far more glorious than Bonaparte's journey from Egypt, through a coast and sea studded with the British fleet.

The London *Journal of Commerce* gives the following picture of the present condition of the British Empire:

"There is scarcely a colony belonging to Great Britain which has not been all but ruined within the short space of seven years, and some of them almost driven to revolt through the distress brought upon them by the Home Government. Ireland is literally in a state of insolvency: gentlemen of estated property in that country are almost without the necessaries of life—land has become valueless—and every one who can scrape together as much money, honestly or dishonestly, as will carry him away, flies from its shores, and emigrates to *the United States of America*. Throughout Great Britain the most extensive distress prevails among the laboring classes, with the single exception of some of the manufacturing districts. In Birmingham, trade has somewhat revived from the stagnation it was suffering under a few months back; and in the cotton districts the mills have been tolerably busy for about six months. Manchester, notwithstandig, is beginning to exhibit signs of uneasiness; the demand there is becoming slack—foreign markets are for the most part glutted with Lancashire goods—while the prospects of the home trade cannot be very cheering, with wheat at 40*s.* the quarter, and cattle almost unsaleable. The situation of the artizans and laboring classes in this metropolis, so faithfully and so fearfully described in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, is truly horrifying.

HOW COAL WAS MADE

Geology has proved that at one period, there existed an enormous abundant land vegetation, the ruins or rubbish of which, carried into the seas and there sunk to the bottom, and afterwards covered over by sand and mud beds, became the substance which we now recognize as coal. This was a natural transaction of vast consequence to us, seeing how much utility we find in coal—both for warming our dwellings and for various manufactures, as well as the production of steam, by which so great a mechanical power is generated. It may naturally excite surprise that the vegetable remains should have so completely changed their apparent character and become black. But this can be explained by Chemistry; and part of the marvel becomes clear to the simplest understanding when we recall the familiar fact, that damp hay, closely thrown into a heap, gives out heat and becomes of a dark color.

On account of the change effected by mineralization, it is difficult to detect in coal the traces of vegetable structure; but these can be made clear in all except the highly bituminous caking coal, by cutting or polishing it down into thin transparent slices, when the microscope shows the fibres and cells very plainly.

From distinct isolated specimens found in the sand stones amidst the coal beds, we discover the nature of the plants of this era. They are almost all of a simple cellular structure, and such as exist with us in small forms, (horse tails, club mosses, and ferns,) but advanced to an enormous magnitude. The species are all long since extinct. The vegetation generally is such as now grows in clusters of tropical islands, but it must have been the result of high temperature obtained otherwise than that of the tropical regions now is, for the coral strata are found in the temperate, and even the polar regions.

The conclusion, therefore, that most geologists have arrived is that the earth originally an incandescent or highly heated mass, was gradually cooled down until in the Carboniferous period it festered a growth of terrestrial vegetation all over its surface, to which the existing jungles of the tropics are mere barrenness in comparison. This high and uniform temperature, combined with a greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the manufacture, would not only sustain a gigantic and prolific vegetation, but also create desert vapors, showers and rains, and these again gigantic rivers, periodical inundations and deltas. Thus all the conditions for extensive deposits of wood in estuaries would arise in this high temperature, and every circumstance connected with the coal measures, points to such conditions.—*Chamber's Miscellany.*

NEW YORK BIBLE SOCIETY.—The following is an abstract of the Secretary's Report for the past year, which was read at the anniversary of this society: The number of families visited by the Visiting Committee, is 41,630, among whom 6,312 volumes of Bibles and Testaments were distributed. Since the commencement of the committee's labors in March, 1849, the city has been explored with the exception of the Twelfth, Sixteenth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and part of the Ninth Wards. Of 55,549 families visited since that time, 8,542 had not the Scriptures, 3,161 refused to take them. The total No. of volumes distributed in this department of the work is 8,914. Notwithstanding the decrease in the number of arrivals at this port of 16,552 persons—the total number for the present year being 217, 390—the distribution has greatly exceeded that of last year. 7,485 Bibles and Testaments have been distributed among these emigrants. The number of Bibles and Testaments supplied to the various vessels of the navy is 462.—The distribution for the year by the Marine Committee and general agent has been, 2,969 Bibles and 4,932 Testaments, making a total of 8,901 volumes. 1,448 volumes, including Bibles and Testaments, have been distributed by the Committee on Humane and Criminal Institutions. Under the supervision of the Committee on Military Stations, 532 Bibles and Testaments, printed in various languages, have been circulated. The total number of volumes distributed during the past year is 102,211. Of these, 23,583 Bibles and 48,834 Testaments have been sold, 12,386 Bibles and 18,458 Testaments donated. The amount paid to the American Bible Society is $39,050 22.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE TWO NAPOLEONS.—Foublanque, in the Examiner, says:

"There is little difference between the uncle and the nephew—one gained the hearts of the army by his *Campaigns*, and the other by his *Champagne*; for Napoleon's *battles*, Louis substitutes *bottles*."

Figaro thinks the nephew's *juice of the grape* is preferable to juice shed by grape shot; he accordingly withdraws his own claim to the Presidency of the polite nation.

Love.—Universal love is like a mitten, which fits all hands alike but none closely; true affection is like a glove which fits one hand only, but sets closely to that one.

The editor of the Cayuga Chief lets his *choler* rise in this way:—"We would say to the wretch who stole our new shirt from the line, while we were a bed waiting for it to dry, that we hope the collar will cut his throat."

RECIPE FOR WASHING FLUID.—A lady has left at our office the following recipe for making washing fluid:

Dissolve one half pound sal soda in two quarts water; one half pound unslacked lime in four quarts of hot water; add together, boil for a short time, settle and strain, when it will be fit for use.

The above can be manufactured for *less than one cent per quart.*

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.—The Charleston Evening News says, that no Southern woman will marry a gentleman North of Mason and Dixon's line, who cannot furnish an exceptionable testimonials of being a pro slavery man! If the fair daughters of the South enlist against us, where will our young men turn for consolation? Alas! for the lovers of *the Union!*

NEW YORK STEAMSHIPS. Within the last month seven large steamships have been launched at this port, and five have either gone to sea or made their trial trips. There are now twenty steamships either on the stocks or receiving their machinery, whose aggregate tonnage is about 32,000 tons.

INFAMOUS. The French government have authorized a lottery to raise seven millions of francs to be employed in the gratuitous transportation to California of five thousand of the most turbulent starits in Paris.

THE FINAL BLOW. The Russian language will be introduced as the official language in Poland on the 1st of January next.